A

POEM

To the Right Honourable

Sir John Moor, Knight,

On His well-Administration in the Office of LORD-MAYOR of *LONDON.*

HAil, *Loyal Sir*, whom Providence design'd
To be the Joy and Safety of Mankind;
Our meaner *Muse* faintly may shadow forth
A dull Reflection of thy Glorious Worth.
Whilst many of their *Conscience* Shipwrack made,
And *Loyalty* in Thousands was Decay'd;
Thou, the Great Ornament, and Chief Renown,
Of this so Famous Celebrated Town,
By Thy good Conduct hast recover'd some,
And many wandring Sheep has brought safe Home:
Some, who were led away by giddy Brain,
By Thy Example are return'd again.
London, which almost was with Faction Drunk,
And into *Schism* and *Rebellion* Sunk;
To Thee, Great, Wise and Noble Sir, She owes
This last Years Peace, free from all Strifes and Blows:
To Thee, She owes, that yet she is alive.
Her grand Restorer and Preservative.
What Gifts sufficient can we ever bring,
To one that Loves, and is beloved of's *King?*
What Presents are there, that can reach so high,
As a Reward for thy firm Loyalty?
Whilst Gifts and Presents an't enough to be
Pois'd in the Balance with thy Honesty.
We must remain thy Debtors; whilst we live,
Our thanks in token of our Love we'll give;

No

No Nation ſhall ſo barbarous be found,
Wherein thy Worth will not be thrice renown'd:
Thy Deeds thro' the World, with Wonder ſhall be read;
Fames loudeſt Trumpet ſhall thy Honour ſpread:
In this thy Year, thou Juſtice didſt impart,
And equald that with Merit and Deſert.
In thy Heroick Soul we plainly ſee
Such Worth, that ſuffers no Hyperbole.
And now our willing *Iſle* may well Reſign
To Thee, her *Arthur* and her *Conſtantine*,
And half her Nobles of the *Norman-Line*.
Thou, a juſt Judge, for executing Right,
Art now the Object of the Guilty's Spite:
'Tis what you know, undauntedly to bear,
You ſerve a *Cauſe* too good, to let you fear.
Thou haſt quite quell'd the hot-ſpur'd *Whiggiſh Furies*;
Of Late, we have had no *Ignoramus Juries*.
'Gainſt Thee, thou let'ſt them Plot, yea Actions bring,
Rather than be a Traytor to thy King:
Thou feard'ſt not all their Threats, what they could do;
Thou bauk'dſt their Counſels, and their *Actions* too:
Now will all Factions quit our Flouriſhing Iſle,
And us no more of our true Joyes beguile,
But all united ſtand in Rank and File.
Go on, brave Soul, and dare be Loyal ſtill;
Let not the *Whiggiſh Party* have their will:
That once being gotten, as in Times of yore,
They'l Plunder and Sequeſter us; nay more:
All Loyal Men ſhall be Condemn'd to dye;
Their Crime ſhall be, for too much *Loyalty*:
Let all from Heaven this one Petition crave,
That thee for *Mayor* we many Years may have:
If this our long'd for Wiſh can't granted be,
God ſends us many more ſuch *Moors* as thee.
Then Loyal *London* ſhall in Triumph Sing;
And Eccho in *Huzza's*, *God Save the King*.

LONDON, Printed for *T. P.* in the Year 1682.

2: Folio Leaf
EBBB5.A100.6824